

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 32.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM.

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EATON W. MAXCY.

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Miscellany.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.)

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

THE MISER'S BURIAL.

*"Dool! and am I forc'd to part,
And no more my dear Siller see,
That glanc'd so sweetly in mine eye?*

*It breaks my heart;
My goud! my hands! alackanie,
That we must part."*

It was on the afternoon of a dark and dreary day, in the month of March, that two men were seen, with their shovels and iron bars, digging a grave in the burial ground of the village of B. The piece of land selected for the grave was in the lower extremity of the yard, among a few decayed tombs, the present residence of the poorest and lowest orders of people in the village. By the apparent apathy and unwillingness which the sexton and his assistant betrayed toward their labour, it was evident that their hopes of reward were not adequate to the task.—They continued their work till near dusk, when, having completed their grave, they retired.

The next morning was equally dark and unpleasant. The sun was obscured by the density of the atmosphere, and approaching clouds gave the appearance of a heavy storm. The rain had already begun gently to fall, when a small procession left the hut of the deceased Scarric, to commit him to the tomb. The coffin was borne upon the shoulders of men, and an aged woman, evidently broken down with deprivation and woe, followed, as the only mourner. Her brow was furrowed with at least the age of seventy winters, and her outward appearance bore the semblance of inward wretchedness. The coffin was committed to the grave without any formal ceremony. No person present spoke of the merits or demerits of the deceased; and by their manner, one might suppose that they had determined

"To let his vices perish with him."

No tear was shed when the grave was filling; and

when filled, every person turned, with a countenance impressed with seriousness, to leave the grave-yard. But one or two, more attentive than the rest, assisted the widow to her wretched home. Rich, they knew she must be, yet none offered her consolation. They well knew that she, too, was miserly; that she had adopted her husband's sentiments; that she worshipped the "creature more than the creator;" that her affections were altogether placed upon her "siller," and therefore none pitied her. True, she was deserving of pity, in consequence of her intellectual weakness; for a miser's weakness never can be cured. Well and correctly did Bertholdoc express himself, when he said, "there's one gulp that can never be filled, the avarice of the miser."

Scarric, the hero of this story, was born in the same village in which he was buried. He was the son of a common farmer. There was nothing in his birth either remarkable or deserving of attention.—His parents were poor, and, as such, entirely unable to give him even the benefits of a common education. To this deficiency may be attributed some of the errors of his after life. And in fact what is there that has a greater tendency to strengthen and improve the mind than education. It will, literally speaking, transform the uninhabitable wilderness into a fruitful field; it throws a charm upon social life; it corrects, reforms and enlightens the savage. Without it, what is man?

"An insipid show—a shade without a name."

As Scarric grew up he was distinguished by his entire difference to all his youthful associates. While they, in their hours of avocation, were beguiling the time with play, his mind was either intent upon how he might take advantage in a bargain, or add a little money to his purse. He was continually making pin lotteries, which he easily sold among his companions, and then neglected to draw the lottery, and in that way made gain of all he received. He would resort to the meanest and most contemptible ways to obtain money. These transactions, even at that early age, bespoke him to be of a saving and penurious disposition; and his name, as "Scarric, the Codger," became proverbial ere he had passed his fourteenth year.

As he grew older, parsimonious habits attached themselves to him with unusual inveteracy. He had the misfortune to lose his parents at the age of eighteen, and then was thrown upon the world, but not entirely destitute. His parents had, by hard labor, bought the house in which they lived, and left it, in their will, to him. Besides this, they had about fifty dollars in specie laid up in the house, the profits of their earnings. He inherited it all, and then commenced saving upon closer and closer principles.

It is useless to notice all the disgusting ways which Scarric used to obtain property. It is needless to enter into a detail of every minute circumstance; suffice it to say, that within a few years after his pa-

rents' death, he made a heavy deposit in the bank, the fruits of his savings.

Strange as it may seem, at the age of twenty-eight he began to feel a kind of loneliness in his retired situation, and accordingly began to feel anxious for a partner! He rejected one in his mind because she was too handsome, and her beauty might lead her to be expensive in dress. He rejected another because she was not careful enough, and would not reserve for her own use the profits she might obtain by saving the scraps and refuse of her master's kitchen. He rejected another because she understood not the act of preserving, &c. &c. At last, when "hope had well nigh fail'd," by accident, he found one, who partially suited him. She was nearly of his age, remarkably disagreeable, and, in point of avarice, exactly the same. But in what way they should get married, without expense, was a subject of considerable reflection to them both. At last they agreed to start, "hand in hand," for the next town, where they were not known, and solicit the minister to marry them, as an act of charity! They succeeded.

The taste of his wife and his own were exactly the same. They were both penurious and avaricious, and both equally alike close and saving. He brought her down to the residence he inherited from his father, a few days after their marriage, when he found that her master and mistress would harbor her no longer. His residence had now assumed the appearance of a wretched cabin. Eleven years had his parents been dead, and as yet he had not expended one single farthing upon repairing it. The windows were either broken or else he had taken them carefully out and sold them. He had nailed a number of boards over the windows, which partially kept out the rain. The roof was in the most wretched state, and to keep out the rain in that quarter also he had covered it with tufts and greensward. This answered pretty well for a fair day, but when they had a stormy one, they were continually exposed to the rain and mud, which was constantly leaking through the roof. And thus they lived, in a state of the most abject misery, abstinence and want. It was never known as he made any provision for their support, except once, when his wife was confined, in the middle of a cold winter, with the rheumatism, he bought some meat at the butchers to make her some broth. One of his acquaintances, in a humorous moment, asked him "why he didn't have children?" "Because, (he replied,) we can't maintain them."

In this manner they lived, no hope nor comfort seemed to surround them, and their lives were marked by the worst of all human miseries. No smoke, not even in the cold and severe days of winter, was ever seen to ascend from the chimney of their dwelling. And one morning a humane, charitable person called to relieve them; he found them nestled down in a corner of the room upon a miserable pallett, and covered with the most wretched clothing. They had a small wooden bowl between them, containing

a quantity of water-gruel, which they had taken into bed to warm for their breakfast, thereby avoiding the expence of a fire.

If there is an object in this world deserving of contempt, it is a miser. He collects his money for—he knows not whom. He hoards it up, and it benefits him not. He is, in fact,

*"A stormy advocate, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From any dream of mercy."*

To reclaim a miser, is impossible; you cannot effect any alteration in him; you cannot compell him to give up his penuriousness and avarice:

*"You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he has made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wave their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well attempt the hardest task,
As seek to soften, what than flint is harder,
The miser's heart."*

Thus it was with the subject of this memoir; tho' he had accumulated great wealth, yet he was continually grasping at the property of others. He was not, and he could not be satisfied. And in his old age, when it should seem that he would wish for comfort and happiness, he became more and more avaricious. At length, occasioned by the sufferings and deprivations he endured in the last winter, he died—died as he lived—a real miser.

In his last moments, no one was ever near him. His wife carefully guarded the house from intrusion.—No angel of mercy was near to speak peace to his dying soul. No star of hope to point his desires to the portals of heaven. He probably died insensible to religion, and his last gasp must have been tortured with severe reflection, if, indeed, he was capable of reflection.

I a few years after he was buried, his wife followed him, and left no heirs. The possession came into the hands of the town, with all its vast deposits. And the Town-Council humanely appropriated it to relieve the children of those whom he had wronged. Then what was the use of all his toil and labor, and all his endeavors to gain? It fell into the hands of others, and benefited neither him nor his wife. But they are now dead—peace to their ashes.

There is something melancholy in the reflection, that a man—a rational being—should be so entirely blinded to his own real interests; that he should neglect to "live while he lives," and cast off every idea of happiness, merely for the sake of gain. True economy, I admit, is useful, and will lead to wealth; but a miserly disposition never can be gratified, and a miser never can be respected. Their wealth may enable them to chain down thousands beneath their grasp, yet for it they receive an additional share of hatred. Their life is marked with calumny and deceit, and their eternal life with misery.

Fecisti quod avaritia!

B.

THE FORAGERS.

*"Alas! that breasts of such high emprise
Should sink to such forgotten graves."*

These are bitter times, said old Roger Norton, as he paced back and forward on the little green before his rude cabin, smoking his pipe with a vehemence which, to the indwellers of that homely hut, gave sure and fearful note that something of alarming import was working in his bosom. The good dame, who had been engaged industriously at the wheel, rose and set it aside, disquieted by the omen, and a beautiful girl came to the broken and decayed window, and looked out with trembling anxiety towards the west. The sun was gliding gently down behind appalling masses of thunder-clouds, which were piled up from the horizon high in the mellow bosom of the heavens, and from the direction of the wind, threatened a tempest of no ordinary magnitude. The shadows of approaching night were already fast changing the green mantle of the thick forest to one of funeral gloom, and the startling screech of the grey owl fell at intervals on the ear of watchful anxiety.

At the cottage, all was silent—hope and fear alternately lighted or shaded each changing brow—as the distant echoes seemed to come laden with the tramp of horsemen, or the cool dew of the evening fell silent on the bosom of the dying breeze. At length a flash was seen in the thickness of the forest, and a report of a distant rifle pealed along the broken hillocks that bounded the valley brook.—The aged dame with her young daughter-in-law and two lovely children crowded the door in an instant, and old Roger, putting his pipe hastily into his pocket, turned to them, and placed his finger on his lip, as in a momentary thought.

"There has been blood spilled in the lowlands to-day, (said he,) and God knows which party is the victor; we must bear our fate with patient sufferance; we have put up our united prayers for George, and heaven will do right; it becomes us in times like these to use all due precaution warding the blow from our own heads."

The ladies understood him, and though Eliza wrung her hands, and struggled deeply with her feeling, when the danger to which her George had been exposed, was made known to her, and when she thought that perhaps he was now a bleeding corpse, weltering in his blood, rushed across her breast, yet they went quietly in, and assumed such employment as was best calculated to conceal the interest they took in the passing scene of war and bloodshed around them.

Situated as they were, in a country traversed successively by the British and Indians, and scoured by the American Foragers, of a corpse of which old Norton's only son was the commander, they had hitherto concealed their attachment to the revolutionary cause from the royalists, and passed for loyal subjects of the British crown, while the vigilant but cautious measures of George Norton insured them protection from the Americans.

The report that had roused them from their twilight reverie died away, but the sound of coming troopers succeeded after a short interval, and in a few minutes their tossing plumes were seen dancing

along the white fences, and approaching the lonely cottage. The old man threw down the bars that led into the yard, and began to throw water into the long trough, to supply the horses, trembling all the while in suspense whether he was about to receive his hosom child, or smooth his brow to a smiling welcome of men whose hands, for aught he knew, might be weltering in his son's blood. The suspense was of momentary duration; the first who approached him wore the uniform of a Briton, and his heart sunk within him as he reached out his withered hand to welcome him, and assist him in dismounting.

By this time the whole corps was up, and Roger recognized several of his old guests among them.—Some wounded soldiers were carried to the barn, and the officers, as soon as their arrangements were completed without, accepted the apparently cordial invitation of the host to share the comforts of the house—meantime, the table was spread and decorated with the best the humble circumstances of the owner could afford. The officers were eight in number, all hardly, soldierly looking men, and as they threw off their heavy caps and swords, and crowded round the table, they resumed the conversation, it seemed they had left off when they first came up. "Well, (said the Major,) I believe we determined upon all but the time and place of execution." "And that, (replied a sturdy fellow on the other side,) is easily arranged; what say you to farmer Norton's barnyard, and eight in the morning, just by way of desert; and, besides, we shall save the d—d rascal's breakfast for some better fellow." "Agreed, agreed," said they all. The arrangements were thus made for the execution of the prisoner over a hearty meal, and, when finished, a messenger was despatched to inform him of his fate, and bid him prepare for it.

However ill the members of this little family concealed their anxiety, in the mean time, their agitation was not discovered. The old man pretended to busy himself to such a degree as not to take notice of any thing that passed, and Eliza left the room determined to ascertain the worst, as the suspense in which these proceedings involved her was more cruel than the bitterest reality could be. She soon found her saddest fears were realized. Her husband was the prisoner in whose blood they were to riot on the morrow. He was already wounded, and was lying on some straw in a barrack near the house, guarded by a file of soldiers.

To accomplish his rescue was now the determined purpose of her soul, though she should sell her life in the attempt. She took her measures accordingly. She observed the officer who most resembled her in size, and whose voice and manner she could most easily imitate, and took measures to have him lodged apart from his companions in a little corner room to which she could gain ready access. She ascertained what was the countersign, and having matured her design, retired unsuspected.

At the dead hour of night, when all was silent as the grave, save now and then that the dull tramp of the sentinels was heard, she stole into the young officer's room and carried off his clothes and sword.—Apparelled in these, and having passed the guard, unsuspected, she penetrated into the gloomy prison of her beloved and suffering husband. To banish

every shade of suspicion from the guard, which walked around the barrack, assuming the tone of the officer she imitated, she accosted the prostrate victim of revenge with opprobrious epithets, and asked him if his neck was ready for the halter—at the same time endeavoring to make him understand who she was. This unexpected intrusion roused up the heroic American—he had received his sentence, and had resolved to bear it as a soldier ought, for his wounds forbid the hope of escape. But when he heard the voice which too exactly imitated that of his bitterest foe, his soul kindled to a flame, and, springing from the ground, he seized the hilt of the sword, which a faint gleam of moonlight revealed before him, drew it like lightning from its scabbard, and plunged it through Eliza's heart! She shrieked—and fell—while he, with one stroke, severing the cords that bound him, leaped into the midst of the guard, and three of them fell before him ere his arm was paralyzed by death. A shot in the head killed him on the spot.

The camp was all alarm. A rush to the scene of blood succeeded, and the cause was revealed. Even the wretches who prosecuted their exterminating warfare with so little mercy, wept over the heart-rending scene, and the aged parents were left unmolested. The corpses were interred beneath a green tree in the border of the forest, together, and the willow tree, which was planted by the grave, now spreads its broad top wide over the unlettered tomb stone.

WEDDED LOVE.

Curious anecdote from a correspondent in Hampshire:—Some time since a packet vessel, that had several passengers on board, struck upon a rock, and was in such great danger of sinking, that all who were on board endeavored to save themselves in the best manner they could, though only those who could swim well had any chance of succeeding. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, in their despair, entreated their husbands not to leave them. One of the gentlemen chose rather to die with his wife than forsake her; the other was moved with compassion for his children, and told his wife, "that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live than both perish." By a piece of good fortune, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken what he thought his everlasting farewell of his wife, in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the woman that was dearer to him than life, the ship was suddenly saved. After this occurrence, the faithful pair, who were ready to have died in each other's arms, took some trifling disgust, coldness and indifference followed, and they have parted forever. The other couple live together in uninterrupted friendship and felicity.

THE POLITE BUTCHER.

In the Bristol market, a Lady, laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said, "I think, Mr. F. this veal is not so white as usual." "Put on your gloves, madam, (replied the dealer,) and you will think differently." It may be needless to remark, that the veal was ordered home without another word of objection.

IRISH TIME.

A Dandy, seeing a newly imported Irishman passing the gates of the Prince's Dock, at Liverpool, cried out, "Arrah, Pat, what's o'clock by your red stockings?" "Just striking one," said Paddy, at the same moment flooring the *Exquisite* with his shillalah.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

PARODY.

There's not in the wide world a maiden so sweet
As the girl in whose bosom the bright virtues meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling, and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that maiden shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er her face
Her purest of blushes, and loveliest grace,
'Twas not the soft magic of glances that thrill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that pearl of the soul, sensibility's tear,
Which makes each dear charm of enchantment more dear;
And which shews how the bright charms of beauty improve,
When we see them enlighten'd by virtues we love.

Sweet maid of the mountain! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of snow, blest with all I love best,
While the storms, which we meet in this dark world,
should cease,
And our love, like our feelings, be mingled in peace.

J. D. T.

FROM THE AMERICAN SENTINEL.

TO CUPID.

Poor blind Cupid, haste far away,
Thy playful arts deceiv'd me;
But never shall my reason stray—
Without a sigh I'll leave thee.

Spread thy wings in vain to lure me,
Dress again thy face with smiles;
Ne'er again will you deceive me,
Deadly pleasures wait thy wiles.

Thy arrows dipt in poisonous gall,
Soon shall cease a prize to gain;
Thy hapless victims will be small,
Weep then for those that thou hast slain.

ELLEN.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

As I enter the cottage, O, what is't I hear?
The sound is enchanting—it calls not a tear:

If you ask me what sound is so pleasing, to tell,
'Tis the music that's made from the lov'd Spinning-Wheel.

'Tis music, surpassing the fife and the flute,
The bugle, the drum, the vi'lin, the lute:
The sound is not half so enrapturing to feel,
As the sweet buzzing sound of the lov'd Spinning-Wheel.

Stop, ye rougher winds now, and ye breezes, be still—

The large streams are frozen, and so is the rill;
Yet, in that neat cottage-seat, pleasure I feel,
As I list to the sound of the lov'd Spinning-Wheel.

As I enter the town, pray what do I hear?
'Tis the titter of maidens, which makes me to fear;
Of yarn there is spun, without doubt, a great deal,
But all in the street—not on the lov'd Wheel.

But enter the farmer's neat dwelling, and there
The hand is appli'd to the distaff with care—
The spool's quickly fill'd, and then for the reel—
O! the music, sweet music of the lov'd Spinning-Wheel.

No flowers are blooming on nature's broad bed;
The hoarse winds are moaning, the birds have all fled;

But friendship, dear friendship, you quickly can feel,
In the smiles of the maid that plies the lov'd Wheel.
&c.

THE PATRIOT,

BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

[These lines, says the London New Monthly Magazine, were written some time since on receiving an account of the spirit with which a young Spanish Officer met his fate at the hands of Ferdinand the VII. He had fought and bled in placing that ungrateful despot on the throne, and no charge was ever made against him other than that of aiding and abetting the Constitutional party, in restoring to his unhappy country a place among nations worthy of her former renown. The sentiments herein expressed were his own, and were delivered just before his execution, or, as he called it, the "crown of his triumph."]

The clock has told the parting hour,
The last that it shall tell to me,
Ere, disenthral'd from lawless power,
I soar into eternity.

These massy walls, this clinking chain—
The strength of man that keeps me here,
In one short hour shall act in vain,
Mind is beyond his petty sphere.

It lives where tyrants cannot go—
In realms of liberty and light;
Their utmost malice ends below,
And leads to freedom infinite.

I greet thee, death! not one weak fear
Shall pale my brow or shake my limb;
I will not shame the freeman's bier,
Or on it leave a stain for him.

Dauntless I'll die, as man should die,
For freedom and the unborn world;
There's even joy thus manfully
To meet the bolts oppression hurl'd.

I would not linger life in charms,
Though life to me, to all is dear;
I would not court the slave who reigns
O'er Spain, for lengthen'd slavery here.

I could not breathe the light blue air,
The glorious heaven, the rich sun see;
And brook that all in nature fair,
The breezes, all save man, be free.

Should I, whom death now sets at rest,
Repine to leave a few short years,
In bondage, pass'd, till age oppress'd,
And dotage clos'd a scene of tears?

Who envies not the patriot's doom?
He has a joy in dying well;
His name shall echo from the tomb
The oppressor's fear, and freedom's spell.

To him the scaffold is a throne,
His fate a trumpet of appeal
To bondag'd nations, that shall own
His name a pledge, his blood a seal.

SONG.

[The following soft and descriptive Song is from the pen of Cunningham, the pastoral poet, and, in our opinion, a more beautiful description cannot be found in the works of Theocritus or Virgil.]

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and weari'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,
Till, thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly repli'd:
Ye virgins, her voice was divine!
I've rich ones neglected and great ones deni'd,
But take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that grow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks of yon stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range on the slow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views;
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes to my Muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager, *Peace*, is well known to her sire,
And the shepherds have nam'd her *Content*.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1826.

PRIZE POEM.

Mrs. A. M. Wells, of Boston, is one of the four successful candidates who obtained Prizes offered by the Editor of the N. Y. Mirror. The Prize awarded to this Lady was for the second best Poem.

SCARCITY OF LADIES AT THE WEST.

A late Buffalo Journal says, "The late census of this town presents the appalling disproportion of three males to two females, *exclusive of Indians*."

NORTHERN STAR,

AND WARREN AND BRISTOL GAZETTE.

A new paper with the above title was issued from the press of Messrs. Fowler & Randall, in Warren, on Saturday last, which has taken the place of the Telegraph. From a view of the many advantages which the populous towns of Bristol, Warren, &c. afford, and from our knowledge of the talents and ability of one of the proprietors, (Mr. Fowler,) we cannot doubt the success of their undertaking; and we sincerely hope they may meet with that encouragement which honest and persevering endeavors to benefit the public always deserve.

NEXT WEEK.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

In order to render the LADIES MUSEUM more worthy of the patronage of its numerous subscribers, and with a further view of encouraging "Native Literature," we now offer the following Premiums:

1st.—For the best original *Tale* or *Essay*, to occupy about two pages of the Museum, a complete set of the Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare—Book-Store price \$10.

2d.—For the second best original *Tale* or *Essay*, as above, the first volume of the Ladies Museum.

All communications must be addressed to "Eaton W. Maxcy, Providence, R. I." prior to the tenth of March inst.—when the premiums will be awarded by a committee of gentlemen selected for that purpose. It is expected that communications from a distance will be post paid.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of "Bob Logic," "J. D. T." and "G. C." have been received and shall be inserted in our next.

"J. S." noticed in our last, shall also have a place in our next.

We find, with regret, that within a few weeks past, we have been shamefully imposed upon by one or two of our correspondents, who have forwarded us communications as *original*, but which proved to be *selected*—two of which we have inserted, within a short time, under the caption—"For the Ladies Museum." We will thank correspondents to be honest

enough to say, when they send pieces, whether they are the efforts of their own pericraniums, or whether they are copied from a finely printed book, or some old newspaper, as this will save us the trouble of raking over our recollections to ascertain to whom the credit belongs, and the mortification of perusing such a note as the following, which we received a few days since:

"Mr. Maxcy—

Permit me to inform your correspondent "J. H." that his beautiful lines, which appeared in the 29th No. of the Museum, may be found, *verbatim*, with the exception of one word, (Mary instead of Chloe,) in a selection of Poems entitled the Wreath.

Yours, &c.

OBSERVER.

To Mr. Eaton W. Maxcy, Providence."



MARRIED,

In this town, on Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Alvin O. Read, of Pawtucket, to Miss Martha J. Roberts, of this town.

In Yarmouth, Ms. on the 22d ultimo, by Rev. Calvin Monroe, of Chatham, Mr. Ebenezer Taylor, to Miss Temperance Thatcher, both of the former place.



DIED,

In this town, on Friday week, Mr. Joseph Dominique Costa, aged 57, a native of Italy—but for many years a resident of this town.

Same day, Mr. Albert Humphreys, aged 19 years.

On Thursday week, Mrs. Rebecca Cady, wife of Mr. Jonathan Cady, aged 78.

On Saturday last, Fanny, infant daughter of Mr. George P. Parker, of Boston.

On Monday last, Miss Elira Johnson, aged 21 years.

On Wednesday last, Elizabeth Russell, daughter of Mr. Elisha C. Wells, aged 14 months. Funeral this afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from his residence in John-street.

In Gloucester, 26th ult. Mrs. Zerviah Steere, wife of Mr. Enoch Steere, in the 75th year of her age.

In Carlton, on the 16th ult. Mrs. Ann C. Bankhead, eldest grand-daughter of Thomas Jefferson, Esq.

☞ New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.